This
is for
You

H. A. Shumaker -

Daddy gone to
me M. Grace
1 mo. before death
June 19-61

This is for You

# This is for You

## Love Poems of the Saner Sort

*Selected by*

William Sinclair Lord

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# SAD ARE THEY WHO KNOW NOT LOVE

O SAD are they who know not love,
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silver coasts of fairy isles.

And sadder they whose longing lips
Kiss empty air, and never touch
The dear warm mouth of those they love
Waiting, wasting, suffering much!

But clear as amber, sweet as musk,
Is life to those whose lives unite;
They walk in Allah's smile by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.

THOMAS B. ALDRICH.

## FOUR WORDS

BELOVED, the briefest words are best;
And all the fine euphonious ways
In which the truth has been expressed
Since Adam's early Eden days,
Could never match the simple phrase, —
Sweetheart, I love you!

If I should say the world were blank
Without your face; if I should call
The stars to witness, rank on rank,
That I am true although they fall, —
'T would mean but this, — and this means all, —
Sweetheart, I love you!

And so, whatever change is wrought
By time or fate, delight or dole,
One single, happy, helpful thought
Makes strong and calm my steady soul,
And these sweet words contain the whole, —
Sweetheart, I love you!

## *Four Words*

I will not wrong their truth to-day
By wild, impassioned vows of faith,
Since all that volumes could convey
Is compassed thus in half a breath,
Which holds and hallows life and death, —
Sweetheart, I love you!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

## THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE

THERE is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

RICHARD ALLISON.

## NOT OURS THE VOWS

NOT ours the vows of such as plight
Their troth in sunny weather,
While leaves are green, and skies are bright,
To walk on flowers together.

But we have loved as those who tread
The thorny path of sorrow,
With clouds above, and cause to dread
Yet deeper gloom to-morrow.

That thorny path, those stormy skies,
Have drawn our spirits nearer;
And rendered us, by sorrow's ties,
Each to the other dearer.

Love, born in hours of joy and mirth,
With mirth and joy may perish;
That to which darker hours gave birth
Still more and more we cherish.

It looks beyond the clouds of time,
And through death's shadowy portal;
Made by adversity sublime,
By faith and hope immortal.

BERNARD BARTON.

## HOW MANY TIMES

HOW many times do I love thee, dear?
Tell me how many thoughts there be
In the atmosphere
Of a new-fallen year,
Whose white and sable hours appear
The latest flake of Eternity:
So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again?
Tell me how many beads there are
In a silver chain
Of the evening rain,
Unravelled from the tumbling main,
And threading the eye of a yellow star:
So many times do I love, again.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.

## THE WORN WEDDING-RING

YOUR wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen, — what cares and pleasures, too, —
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new!

O, blessings on that happy day, the happiest of my life,
When, thanks to God, your low, sweet "Yes" made you my loving wife!
Your heart will say the same, I know; that day's as dear to you, —
That day that made me yours, dear wife, when this old ring was new.

How well do I remember now your young sweet face that day!
How fair you were, how dear you were, my tongue could hardly say;
Nor how I doated on you; O, how proud I was of you!
But did I love you more than now, when this old ring was new?

No — no! no fairer were you then than at this hour to me;
And, dear as life to me this day, how could you dearer be?
As sweet your face might be that day as now it is, 't is true;
But did I know your heart as well when this old ring was new?

O partner of my gladness, wife, what care, what grief is there
For me you would not bravely face, with me you would not share?
O, what a weary want had every day, if wanting you,
Wanting the love that God made mine when this old ring was new!

Years bring fresh links to bind us, wife, — young
voices that are here;
Young faces round our fire that make their
mother's yet more dear;
Young loving hearts your care each day makes
yet more like to you,
More like the loving heart made mine when this
old ring was new.

And blessed be God! all he has given are with
us yet; around
Our table every precious life lent to us still is
found.
Though care we've known, with hopeful hearts
the worst we've struggled through;
Blessed be his name for all his love since this
old ring was new!

The past is dear, its sweetness still our memo-
ries treasure yet;
The griefs we've borne, together borne, we
would not now forget.
Whatever, wife, the future brings, heart unto
heart still true,
We'll share as we have shared all else since this
old ring was new.

And if God spare us 'mongst our sons and daughters to grow old,
We know his goodness will not let your heart or mine grow cold.
Your aged eyes will see in mine all they 've still shown to you,
And mine in yours all they have seen since this old ring was new.

And O, when death shall come at last to bid me to my rest,
May I die looking in those eyes, and resting on that breast;
O, may my parting gaze be blessed with the dear sight of you,
Of those fond eyes, — fond as they were when this old ring was new!

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

## WEDDED

HE took in both hands her lovely head,
And looked in her eyes serene,
Many years married, but still as fond
As the foolish boy had been.

And "O my dear," said he, "and my love,
My dear sweet love and my wife,
If every kiss were a golden coin,
You would be rich for life.

"Nay, if of every kiss I have given
Each were but a single penny,
You would be rich with riches to spare —
Sweet wife, think how many, how many!"

"Yea, truly," she said, "yet I 'd not barter one,
While I bind up my sheaves of caresses;
But there 's many, oh, many a poor rich wife
Who would give all of her gold for the kisses."

JAMES V. BLAKE.

## AFTERGLOW

I PRAY that time full many years may bring,
And round about us heap his flowers and snow,
That we a-down the western slope may go,
Clasped hand in hand, as in that joyous spring
When first together we did learn to sing
The songs of youth beside the river's flow;
The songs our hearts unto the end shall know,
If now no more the woodlands with them ring.

And we shall sit on many a golden eve
Beside the fire, and dream of other days
When we were young, and laugh a wrinkled laugh,
Nor mourn, nor sigh that loud the winds do grieve,
For thou shalt more than multiply the Mays,
And I the long Decembers count but half.

CHARLES G. BLANDEN.

## TIME MAY STEAL THE DEWY BLOOM

TIME may steal the dewy bloom
Of all our summer roses;
He can never bring to doom
Hearts where love reposes.

He may shower us with dole,
He may rack the bosom;
He can never from the soul
Shake one tender blossom.

He can never raise the bar
To that inner garden;
He can never hope to mar
Hearts where love is warden.

Therefore let us not deplore
Any stress of weather,
But, securing fast the door,
Laugh at him together.

CHARLES G. BLANDEN.

## LIGHT

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

FRANCIS W. BOURDILLION.

## SONG

THE moth's kiss, first!
Kiss me as if you made believe
You were not sure, this eve,
How my face, your flower, had pursed
Its petals up; so, here and there
You brush it, till I grow aware
Who wants me, and wide open burst.

The bee's kiss, now!
Kiss me as if you entered gay
My heart at some noonday,
A bud that dares not disallow
The claim, so all is rendered up,
And passively its shattered cup
Over your head to sleep I bow.

ROBERT BROWNING.

# THERE'S A WOMAN LIKE A DEWDROP

THERE 's a woman like a dewdrop — she 's so purer than the purest;
And her noble heart 's the noblest — yes, and her sure faith 's the surest;
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of lustre
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild-grape cluster,
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-tinted marble;
Then her voice's music — call it the well's bubbling, the bird's warble!

And this woman says: "My days were sunless and my nights were moonless,
Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's heart's outbreak tuneless,

If you loved me not!" And I who (ah for
words of flame) adore her,
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably
before her,—
I may enter at her portal soon, as now her lat-
tice takes me,
And by noontide as by midnight make her mine,
as hers she makes me!

ROBERT BROWNING.

# MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I 'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing,
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't:
Wi' her I 'll blythely bear it,
And think my lot divine.

ROBERT BURNS.

## TRUE LOVE

I THINK true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light,
An inner vision quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part;
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eyes shall fall
On him who fills my world with light;
You do not see my friend at all,
You see what hides him from your sight.

I see the feet that fain would climb;
You but the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul, unharmed, sublime;
You, but the garment and the clay.

You see a mortal, weak, misled,
  Dwarfed ever by the earthly clod;
I see how manhood, perfected,
  May reach the stature of a god.

Blinded I stood, as now you stand,
  Till on mine eyes, with touches sweet,
Love, the deliverer, laid his hand,
  And lo! I worship at his feet.

PHŒBE CARY.

## SNOW AND SUN

FAST falls the snow, O Lady mine!
Sprinkling the lawn with crystals fine:
But by the gods! we won't repine,
While we're together;
We 'll chat and rhyme and kiss and dine,
Defying weather!

So stir the fire and pour the wine!
And let those sea-green eyes divine
Pour their love-madness into mine!
I don't care whether
'T is snow or sun or rain or shine,
If we 're together.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

## THE FIRESIDE

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we 'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we 'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbor enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow, —
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they 'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We 'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that 's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They 'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They 'll grow in virtue every day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We 'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'T is prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given —
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We 'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
  But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
  The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we 'll go;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe
  With cautious steps we 'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
  And mingle with the dead:

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
  And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
  And smooth the bed of death.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

## I LOVE YOU, DEAR

I LOVE you, dear!" and saying this,
My heart responds, "'T is true! 't is true!"
And thrills with more than earthly bliss
While still I say, "I love but you!"

"Why should I love you, dear?" you ask,
As though true love could reason why;
If love could think, 't would be a task
For me to love, and love would die.

I love you just because I do.
The key I do not care to find,
For fear the strands would break in two
That me a willing captive bind.

The fact is all I want to know,
I will not grieve while that is given;
To lose my love would be my woe;
To keep it as it is, is heaven.

GEORGE W. CROFTS.

## A WOMAN'S GIFTS

FIRST, I would give thee — nay, I may
and will —
Thoughts, memory, prayers, a sacred
wealth unguessed,
My soul's own glad and beautiful bequest,
Conveyed in voiceless reverence, deep and still,
As angels give their thoughts and prayers to God!
Next, I would yield, in service freely made,
All of my days and years thy needs to fill;
To bear, or heavy cross, or thorny rod,
Glad of my bondage, deeming it most meet —
A mystery of love, as strange as sweet,
That love from its own wealth should be repaid!
Last, I would give thee, if it pleased thee so,
And for thy pleasure, wishing it increased,
My woman's beauty, heart and lips aglow —
But this, dear, last, so soon its charm must fade,
It is, indeed, of all my gifts the least!

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

## CONSTANT

ALTER? When the hills do.
Falter? When the sun
Question if his glory
Be the perfect one.

Surfeit? When the daffodil
Doth of the dew:
Even as herself, O friend!
I will of you!

EMILY DICKINSON.

## LOVE

LOVE? I will tell thee what it is to love!
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine
Where hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;
Where Time seems young, and Life a thing divine.
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.
Above, the stars in cloudless beauty shine;
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss;
And if there 's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely this.

Yes, this is Love, the steadfast and the true,
The immortal glory which hath never set;
The best, the brightest boon the heart e'er knew:

Of all life's sweets the very sweetest yet!
O! who but can recall the eve they met,
To breathe, in some green walk, their first young vow?
While summer flowers with moonlight dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow,
And all was rapture then which is but memory now!

CHARLES SWAIN.

# OH, LOVE IS NOT A SUMMER MOOD

I

OH, Love is not a summer mood,
Nor flying phantom of the brain,
Nor youthful fever of the blood,
Nor dream, nor fate, nor circumstance.
Love is not born of blinded chance,
Nor bred in simple ignorance.

II

Love is the flower of maidenhood;
Love is the fruit of mortal pain;
And she hath winter in her blood.
True love is steadfast as the skies,
And once alight she never flies;
And love is strong, and love is wise.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

## LOVE'S AUTUMN

I WOULD not lose a single silvery ray
Of those white locks which like a milky way
Streak the dusk midnight of thy raven hair;

I would not lose, O sweet! the misty shine
Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eyes of thine,
Whence Love looks forth, touched by the shadow of care;

I would not miss the droop of thy dear mouth,
The lips less dewy-red than when the South —
The young South wind of passion sighed o'er them;

I would not miss each delicate flower that blows
On thy wan cheeks, soft as September's rose
Blushing but faintly on its faltering stem;

I would not miss the air of chastened grace
Which breathed divinely from thy patient face,
Tells of love's watchful anguish, merged in rest;

Naught would I miss of all thou hast, and art,
O friend supreme, whose constant, stainless heart
Doth house, unknowing, many an angel guest;

Their presence keeps thy spiritual chambers pure;
While the flesh fails, strong love grows more and more
Divinely beautiful with perished years;

Thus, at each slow, but surely deepening sign
Of life's decay, we will not, Sweet! repine,
Nor greet its mellowing close with thankless tears;

Love's spring was fair, love's summer brave and bland,
But through love's autumn mist I view the land,
The land of deathless summers yet to be;

There I behold thee, young again and bright,
In a great flood of rare transfiguring light,
But there as here, thou smilest, Love, on me!

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

## SONG

PACK clouds away and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark, I 'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing! Nightingale, sing!
To give my love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I 'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

## BETTER THINGS

BETTER to smell a violet
Than sip the careless wine;
Better to list one music tone
Than watch the jewel's shine.

Better to have the love of one
Than smiles like morning dew;
Better to have a living seed
Than flowers of every hue.

Better to feel a love within
Than be lovely to the sight;
Better a homely tenderness
Than beauty's wild delight.

Better to love than be beloved,
Though lonely all the day;
Better the fountain in the heart
Than the fountain by the way.

Better the thanks of one dear heart
Than a nation's voice of praise;
Better the twilight ere the dawn
Than yesterday's mid-blaze.

Better a death when work is done
Than earth's most favored birth;
Better a child in God's great house
Than the king of all the earth.

LEIGH HUNT.

## LOVE'S FULFILLING

OH, Love is weak
Which counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each fond word drains,
A joy to seek.

When Love is strong,
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strifes belong.

It hardly asks
If it be loved at all; to take
So barren seems, when it can make
Such bliss for the beloved's sake,
Oh, bitter tasks!

Its ecstasy
Could find hard death so beauteous,
It sees through tears how Christ loved us,
And speaks, in saying, "I love thus,"
No blasphemy.

So much we miss
If Love is weak; so much we gain
If Love is strong: God thinks no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain
To teach us this.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

# TWO TRUTHS

"DARLING," he said, "I never meant
To hurt you;" and his eyes were wet.
"I would not hurt you for the world:
Am I to blame if I forget?"

"Forgive my selfish tears!" she cried,
"Forgive! I knew that it was not
Because you meant to hurt me, sweet,—
I knew it was that you forgot!"

But all the same deep in her heart
Rankled this thought, and rankles yet,—
"When love is at its best, one loves
So much that he cannot forget."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

## ENTRE NOUS

I TALK with you of foolish things and wise,
Of persons, places, books, desires, and aims,
Yet all our words a silence underlies,
An earnest, vivid thought that neither names

Ah! what to us were foolish talk or wise?
Were persons, places, books, desires, or aims
Without the deeper sense that underlies,
The sweet encircling thought that neither names?

SOPHIE JEWETT (*Ellen Burroughs*).

## DOLCINO TO MARGARET

THE world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife,
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife,
To its work in the morning gay.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

## PERFECT LOVE

BELOVED, those who moan of love's brief day
Shall find but little grace with me, I guess,
Who know too well this passion's tenderness
To deem that it shall lightly pass away,
A moment's interlude in life's dull play;
Though many loves have lingered to distress,
So shall not ours, sweet Lady, ne'ertheless,
But deepen with us till both heads be gray.
For perfect love is like a fair green plant,
That fades not with its blossoms, but lives on,
And gentle lovers shall not come to want,
Though fancy with its first mad dream be gone;
Sweet is the flower, whose radiant glory flies,
But sweeter still the green that never dies.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

# THE SPIRIT OF THE HOUSE

THESE four gray walls are but the bodily shell,
Whereof my lady of the brave blue eyes
Is the immortal soul. All sweet replies
And viewless records of a touch known well
That like the tone within a golden bell
Pervade them with a gentle atmosphere,
These things are just herself — she being here —
The breath that makes the rose-tree sweet to smell.
Through sunshine, and gray shadow, and through gloom,
With mirth and gracious courage for her ways,
And goodness ever forth, but never spent,
She passes with light hands from room to room,
And beauty grows before her, and the days
Are full, and quietly rounded, and content.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

## TO DIANEME

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives, your's, yet free;
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the love-sick air;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty 's gone.

ROBERT HERRICK.

## LOVE

TRUE Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthenware;
It is a thing to walk with hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and content;
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home,
Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
Shall still be blest with Indian-summer youth
In bleak November, and, with thankful heart,
Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,
As full of sunshine to our aged eyes

As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.
Such is true Love, which steals into the heart
With feet as silent as the lightsome dawn
That kisses smooth the rough brows of the dark
And hath its will through blissful gentleness, —
Not like a rocket, which, with savage glare,
Whirs suddenly up, then bursts, and leaves the night
Painfully quivering on the dazed eyes;
A Love that gives and takes, that seeth faults,
Not with flaw-seeking eyes like needle-points,
But, loving kindly, ever looks them down
With the o'ercoming faith of meek forgiveness;
A Love that shall be new and fresh each hour,
As is the golden mystery of sunset,
Or the sweet coming of the evening star;
Alike, and yet most unlike, every day,
And seeming ever best and fairest now.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

## THE SEA-SHELL

LISTEN, darling, and tell me
What the murmurer says to thee,
Murmuring 'twixt a song and a moan,
Changing neither tune nor tone."

"Yes, I hear it, — far and faint,
Like thin-drawn prayer of drowsy saint;
Like the falling of sleep on a weary brain,
When the fevered heart is quiet again."

"By smiling lips and fixèd eye,
You are hearing more than song or sigh;
The wrinkled thing has curious ways —
I want to know what words it says."

"I hear a wind on a boatless main
Sigh like the last of a vanishing pain;
On the dreaming waters dreams the moon,
But I hear no words in the murmured tune."

"If it does not say that I love thee well,
'T is a senseless, ill-curved, worn-out shell;
If it is not of love, why sigh or sing?
'T is a common, mechanical, useless thing."

"It whispers of love — 't is a prophet shell —
Of a peace that comes and all shall be well;
It speaks not a word of your love to me,
But it tells me to love you eternally."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

## THY SONG

ASK me not which of all my songs is thine!
Ask of the Spring, when first the blossoms stir,
Which of their fairy pennons waves for her;
Ask of the Night what star of all that shine
Is her own signet, peerless and divine;
Ask of the Sun which purple follower
Among the clouds is his sole worshipper,
Lifting at dawn his colors and his sign.

As stars are born of night, as flowers of spring,
As clouds the vivid hues of sunlight wear,
And all an equal rank and kinship know,
So is thy memory the awakening,
The living warmth, the radiance large and fair
In which all songs of mine to utterance grow.

FRANCES LAUGHTON MACE.

## GONE

GONE is the freshness of my youthful prime;
Gone the illusions of a later time;
Gone is the thought that wealth is worth its cost
Or aught I hold so good as what I 've lost;
Gone are the beauty and the nameless grace
That once I worshipped in dear Nature's face.
Gone is the mighty music that of yore
Swept through the woods or rolled upon the shore;
Gone the desire of glory in men's breath
To waft my name beyond the deeps of Death;
Gone is the hope that in the darkest day
Saw bright to-morrow with empurpling ray;
Gone, gone, all gone, on which my heart was cast,
Gone, gone forever to the awful past: —
All gone — but Love!"
Oh, coward to repine!
Thou hast all else, if Love indeed be thine!

CHARLES MACKAY.

## O, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR

O LAY thy hand in mine, dear!
We're growing old;
But Time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold.
'T is long, long since our new love
Made life divine;
But age enricheth true love,
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest.
A many cares are pressing
On this dear head;
But Sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid.

O, lean thy life on mine, dear!
'T will shelter thee.
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree;
And so, till boughs are leafless,
And songbirds flown,
We 'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down.

GERALD MASSEY.

## AS FOR ME, I HAVE A FRIEND

LET the sower scatter seed
Where the crumbling furrows blend;
Let the churchman praise his creed,
The beginning and the end:
As for me, I have a friend.

Does the sun forget to shine
And the wind blow sere and chill?
Does the cluster leave the vine,
And the ice begird the rill?
I shall rest contented still.

Must the rose be stripped of leaf
When the waning June has passed?
Shall an autumn voice its grief
In the lorn November blast?
What of that, a friend will last.

Why should I, then, make complaint
To the days that round me roll?
She my missal is, and saint,
Clad in womanhood's white stole,
She, the keeper of my soul.

Not love's chalice to my lips,
Not that bitter draught she brings,
Which as Hybla's honey drips
And like bosomed asp-worn stings,
No! she tells of happier things.

Simple friendship, just that much
To enfold me as a strand
Of her hair might; and the touch
Of a gracious, welcoming hand
That I grasp, and understand.

Let death ope or lock his gate,
Let the lilies break or bend,
And the iron will of fate
Sorrows now or fortune send,
As for me, I have a friend.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

## TO FLORENCE

IF all God's world a garden were,
If women were but flowers;
If men were bees that busied there,
Through all the summer hours, —
Oh, I would hum God's garden through
For honey, till I came to you.

Then I should hive within your hair,
Its sun and gold together;
And I should hide in glory there,
Through all the changeful weather.
Oh! I should sip but one, this one
The sweetest flower beneath the sun.

Oh, I would be a king, and coin
Your golden hair in money;
And I would only have to seek
Your lips for hoards of honey.
Oh! I would be the richest king
That ever wore a signet-ring.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## FORGET THEE

FORGET thee?" If to dream by night,
and muse on thee by day,
If all the worship, deep and wild, a
poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee — a thousand
in an hour,
If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future
lot,
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed
shalt be forgot!

"Forget thee?" Bid the forest birds forget
their sweetest tune;
"Forget thee?" Bid the sea forget to swell
beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's
refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine "own dear land," and its
"mountains wild and blue;"

Forget each old familiar face, each long-remembered spot;
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, O, bid not mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith and uncomplaining love.
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,
Forget me then; — but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot!

JOHN MOULTRIE.

## LOVE'S MEANING

I THOUGHT it meant all glad ecstatic things,
Fond glance and touch and speech, quick blood and brain,
And strong desire, and keen, delicious pain,
And beauty's thrall, and strange bewilderings
'Twixt hope and fear, like to the little stings
The rose-thorn gives, and then the utter gain —
Worth all my sorest striving to attain —
Of the dear bliss long-sought possession gives.

Now with a sad, clear sight that reassures
My often sinking soul, with longing eyes
Averted from the path that still allures,
Lest, seeing that for which my sore heart sighs,
I seek my own good at the cost of yours, —
I know at last that love means sacrifice.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

## A BOOK OF GOLD

IF I could write a book made sweet with thee
(Oh, therefore sweet with all that may be sweet!)
With lingering music, nevermore complete,
Should turn its golden pages: each should be
Like whispering voice, or beckoning hand; and he
Who read should follow (while his heart would beat
For some new miracle), with most eager feet,
Through sacred labyrinths of mystery.
Temple and lighted home of love should seem
The Book wherein my love remembered thine.
These holiest visions evermore should gleam,
Vanishing wings, with wandering souls of sound,
And breaths of incense from an inmost shrine,
Sought nearer evermore, and never found.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

## THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE

HOW many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the wingèd wind
When 't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though loath,
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both
Perhaps he weaves:
Some fears, — a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget; —
All else is flown!

Ah! — With what thankless heart
I mourn and sing!
Look where our children start,
Like sudden spring!
With tongues all sweet and low,
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe
To thee and time!

B. W. Procter (*Barry Cornwall*).

## A BIRTHDAY

MY heart is like a singing bird,
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves, and silver fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

CHRISTINA GEORGIANA ROSSETTI.

## IF I DESIRE WITH PLEASANT SONGS

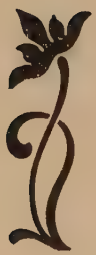
IF I desire with pleasant songs
To throw a merry hour away,
Comes Love unto me, and my wrongs
In careful tale he doth display,
And asks me how I stand for singing
While I my helpless hands am ringing.

And then another time, if I
A noon in shady bower would pass,
Comes he with stealthy gestures sly,
And flinging down upon the grass,
Quoth he to me: "My master dear,
Think of this noontide such a year!"

And if elsewhile I lay my head
On pillow, with intent to sleep,
Lies Love beside me on the bed,
And gives me ancient words to keep;
Says he: "These looks, these tokens number;
Maybe they 'll help you to a slumber."

So every time when I would yield
An hour to quiet, comes he still;
And hunts up every sign concealed,
And every outward sign of ill;
And gives me his sad face's pleasures
For merriment's, or sleep's, or leisure's.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.



## HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

HOW do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
I love thee to the depth, the breadth, the height
My soul can reach, when feeling, out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely as men strive for right;
I love thee purely as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

## WHEN SHE COMES HOME

WHEN she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble — yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence: And the perfume of her dress:
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight — soul-sight, even — for a space:
And tears — yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill-deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## LOVE'S RETURN

THOU art as welcome as the summer rain
To thirsty rootlets that, beneath the sod,
Await its call to turn the rusty clod
To one wide, waving field of happy grain!
Thou art as welcome as rest after pain, —
As welcome as when, after Sorrow's rod,
There comes the sweet peace of the loving God, —
As welcome as the shore that wrecked men gain!

When thou dost go, the sunshine leaves the sky,
And all the life seems vanished from the air,
And vain seem all the gains and hopes of men,
But when, once more, I know thy coming nigh,
The sun breaks out and all the earth is fair,
And everything bursts into song again!

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

## FRIENDSHIP

WHEN to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before:
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SHAKESPEARE.

## O MISTRESS MINE

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear! your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting, —
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty, —
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

SHAKESPEARE.

## LIFE

FORENOON and afternoon and
night, — Forenoon,
And afternoon, and night, —
Forenoon, and — what!
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

EDWARD R. SILL.

# THE LOVE LIGHTS OF HOME

THE bird to the nest and the bee to the comb
When the night from the heavens falls dreary,
And Love to the light in the windows of home —
The light of the love of my dearie!

And Love to the light, like a swallow in flight,
When the storm blows the stars from the blue of the night;
And a kiss from the red rose, a smile from the white,
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie!

The ships to the harbor from over the foam,
When the way has been stormy and weary,
And Love to the light in the windows of home —
The light of the love of my dearie!

And Love to the light, like the bloom from the blight,
When the spring suns weave wonders of red and of white,
And the darkness of winter is kissed to the bright
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie.

The bird to the nest and the bee to the comb,
And never a night shall fall dreary
While the lights in the beautiful windows of home
Are lit by the love of my dearie!

And Love to the light, like a bird from the night,
Where angels in lilies Love's litanies write,
And a kiss from the crimson, a smile from white,
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie!

FRANK L. STANTON.

## LAURA, MY DARLING

LAURA, my darling, the roses have blushed
At the kiss of the dew, and our chamber is hushed;
Our murmuring babe to your bosom has clung,
And hears in his slumber the song that you sung;
I watch you asleep with your arms round him thrown,
Your links of dark tresses wound in with his own,
And the wife is as dear as the gentle young bride
Of the hour when you first, darling, came to my side.

Laura, my darling, our sail down the stream
Of Youth's summers and winters has been like a dream;
Years have but rounded your womanly grace,
And added their spell to the light of your face;
Your soul is the same as though part were not given
To the two, like yourself, sent to bless me from heaven, —

Dear lives, springing forth from the life of my life,
To make you more near, darling, mother and wife!

Laura, my darling, there 's hazel-eyed Fred,
Asleep in his own tiny cot by the bed,
And little King Arthur, whose curls have the art
Of winding their tendrils so close round my heart;
Yet fairer than either, and dearer than both,
Is the true one who gave me in girlhood her troth;
For we, when we mated for evil and good, —
What were we, darling, but babes in the wood?

Laura, my darling, the years which have flown
Brought few of the prizes I pledged to my own.
I said that no sorrow should roughen her way, —
Her life should be cloudless, a long summer's day.
Shadow and sunshine, thistles and flowers,
Which of the two, darling, most have been ours?
Yet to-night, by the smile on your lips, I can see
You are dreaming of me, darling, dreaming of me.

## *Laura, My Darling*

Laura, my darling, the stars, that we knew
In our youth, are still shining as tender and true;
The midnight is sounding its slumberous bell,
And I come to the one who has loved me so well.
Wake, darling, wake, for my vigil is done:
What shall dissever our lives which are one?
Say, while the rose listens under her breath,
"Naught until death, darling, naught until death!"

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

## SONG FROM A DRAMA

I KNOW not if moonlight or starlight
Be soft on the land and the sea —
I catch but the near light, the far light,
Of eyes that are beaming for me;
The scent of the night, of the roses,
May burden the air for thee, Sweet, —
'T is only the breath of thy sighing
I know as I lie at thy feet.

The winds may be sobbing or singing,
Their touch may be fervent or cold,
The night-bells may toll or be ringing, —
I care not, while thee I enfold!
The feast may go on, and the music
Be scattered in ecstasy round, —
Thy whisper, "I love thee! I love thee!"
Hath flooded my soul with its sound.

## *Song from a Drama*

I think not of time that is flying,
  How short is the hour I have won,
How near is this living to dying,
  How the shadow still follows the sun;
There is naught upon earth, no desire
  Worth a thought, though 't were had by a
    sign!
I love thee! I love thee! bring nigher
  Thy spirit, thy kisses, to mine.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

## MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one;
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own;
I cherish his because it in me bides;
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

# POSSESSION

IT was our wedding-day
A month ago," dear heart, I hear you say.
If months, or years, or ages since have passed,
I know not: I have ceased to question Time.
I only know that once there pealed a chime
Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast,
And all stood back, and none my right denied,
And forth we walked: the world was free and wide
Before us. Since that day
I count my life: the Past is washed away.

It was no dream, that vow:
It was the voice that woke me from a dream, —
A happy dream, I think; but I am waking now,
And drink the splendor of a sun supreme
That turns the mist of former tears to gold.
Within these arms I hold
The fleeting promise, chased so long in vain:
Ah, weary bird! thou wilt not fly again:

Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no more depart, —
Thy nest is builded in my heart!

I was the crescent; thou
The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,
Held in its bosom: in one glory now
Our lives united shine, and many a year —
Not the sweet moon of bridal only — we
One lustre, ever at the full, shall be:
One pure and rounded light, one planet whole,
One life developed, one completed soul!
For I in thee, and thou in me,
Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

God knew his chosen time:
He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,
And from my boughs withheld the promised fruit,
Till storm and sun gave vigor to the root.
Secure, O Love! secure
Thy blessing is: I have thee day and night:
Thou art become my blood, my life, my light:
God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt endure.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

# WE KISS'D AGAIN WITH TEARS

AS thro' the land at eve we went
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

## THE MEMORY OF THE HEART

IF stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
We keep them in the memory of the brain;
Names, things, and facts, — whate'er we knowledge call, —
There is the common ledger for them all;
And images on this cold surface traced
Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.
But we 've a page, more glowing and more bright,
On which our friendship and our love to write;
That these may never from the soul depart,
We trust them to the memory of the heart.
There is no dimming, no effacement there;
Each new pulsation keeps the record clear;
Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

# LOVE IS ENOUGH

LOVE is enough. Let us not seek for gold.
Wealth breeds false aims, and pride and selfishness;
In those serene, Arcadian days of old,
Men gave no thought to princely homes and dress.
The gods who dwelt in fair Olympia's height
Lived only for dear love and love's delight;
Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we care for fame?
Ambition is a most unpleasant guest:
It lures us with the glory of a name
Far from the happy haunts of peace and rest.
Let us stay here in this secluded place,
Made beautiful by love's endearing grace;
Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we strive for
power?
It brings men only envy and distrust;
The poor world's homage pleases but an hour,
And earthly honors vanish in the dust.
The grandest lives are ofttimes desolate;
Let me be loved, and let who will be great;
Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we ask for more?
What greater gifts have gods vouchsafed to
men?
What better boon of all their precious store
Than our fond hearts that love and love
again?
Old love may die; new love is just as sweet;
And life is fair, and all the world complete;
Love is enough.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

## AMONG THE HEATHER

WINTRY winds are blowing cold
On the moors of purple heather,
Where in summer days of old
Hand in hand we idly strolled,
Thou and I together.
But those sunny days are past,
And no more we walk together
Where the snow, on every blast,
Whirls about the heather.

On the dreary moorland now
In the storm I wander, lonely,
Longing — love alone knows how —
For thy kiss on lips and brow,
Longing for thee only:
Life can bring me naught but pain
Till among the purple heather
Hand in hand we walk again, —
Thou and I together!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

## ONE

THE world is naught till one is come
Who is the world; then beauty wakes,
And voices sing that have been dumb.

The world is naught when one is gone
Who was the world; then the heart breaks
That this is lost which once was won.

Dear love, this life, so passion-fraught,
From you its bliss or sorrow takes;
With you is all; without you naught.

ARLO BATES.

## COME TO ME, DEAREST

COME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Daytime and night-time, I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and daytime, in dreams I behold thee;
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing;
And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.

O Spring of my spirit, O May of my bosom,
Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom;
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even;
Features lit up by a reflex of heaven;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other;
Smiles coming seldom but childlike and simple,
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple; —
O, thanks to the Saviour that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened;
Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love;

## *Come to Me, Dearest*

I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing,
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing;
I would not die without you at my side, love,
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip, a smile on your cheek, love.
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary,—
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary,—
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee!

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

## HOW IT HAPPENED

I PRAY you, pardon me, Elsie,
And smile that frown away
That dims the light of your lovely face
As a thunder-cloud the day.
I really could not help it, —
Before I thought, 't was done, —
And those great gray eyes flashed bright and cold,
Like an icicle in the sun.

I was thinking of the summers
When we were boys and girls,
And wandered in the blossoming woods,
And the gay winds romped with your curls.
And you seemed to me the same little girl
I kissed in the alder-path,
I kissed the little girl's lips, and alas!
I have roused a woman's wrath.

## *How It Happened*

There is not so much to pardon, —
For why were your lips so red?
The blonde hair fell in a shower of gold
From the proud, provoking head.
And the beauty that flashed from the splendid eyes,
And played round the tender mouth,
Rushed over my soul like a warm sweet wind
That blows from the fragrant south.

And where, after all, is the harm done?
I believe we were made to be gay,
And all of youth not given to love
Is vainly squandered away.
And strewn through life's low labors,
Like gold in the desert sands,
Are love's swift kisses and sighs and vows,
And the clasp of clinging hands.

And when you are old and lonely,
In Memory's magic shine
You will see on your thin and wasting hands, —
Like gems, these kisses of mine.

And when you muse at evening
  At the sound of some vanished name,
The ghost of my kisses shall touch your lips
  And kindle your heart to flame.

JOHN HAY.

## IF THOU WERT BY MY SIDE

IF thou wert by my side, my love!
How fast would evening fail
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love! wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gayly would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind, approving eye,
Thy meek, attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er black Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates
Nor wild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay,
As then shall meet in thee!

REGINALD HEBER.

# LIKE A LAVEROCK IN THE LIFT

IT 's we two, it 's we two for aye,
All the world, and we two, and Heaven be our stay!
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

What 's the world, my lass, my love! — what can it do?
I am thine, and thou art mine; life is sweet and new.
If the world have missed the mark, let it stand by;
For we two have gotten leave, and once more will try.

Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!
It 's we two, it 's we two, happy side by side.
Take a kiss from me, thy man; now the song begins:
"All is made afresh for us, and the brave heart wins."

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I 'll dry thine.
It 's we two, it 's we two, while the world 's away,
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

## ABSENCE

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing? — shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time?
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how or by what means may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near?
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

## *This Is For You*

I 'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
  Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
  While thou, belovèd one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
  All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
  Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
  A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
  More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
  A thousand glances, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
  And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

## IN ABSENCE

MY love is far away from me to-night,
O spirits of sweet peace, kind destinies,
Watch over her, and breathe upon her eyes;
Keep near to her in every hurt's despite,
That no rude care or noisome dream affright.
So let her rest, so let her sink to sleep,
As little clouds that breast the sunset steep
Merge and melt out into the golden light.
My love is far away and I am grown
A very child, oppressed with formless glooms.
Some shadowy sadness with a name unknown
Haunts the chill twilight, and these silent rooms
Seem with vague fears and dim regrets astir,
Lonesome and strange and empty without her.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

## HIS REVERIE

WE sit in the light of the dancing fire,
We two, shut in by the wind and the weather
That shakes the elm-tree against the pane
And folds us two the closer together.

The light leaps up to the loops of hair
That touch her ear so daintily moulded,
Or circles her throat in a fleet caress,
And sinks to the hands serenely folded.

I watch the face that I know so well,
The face where my fortune and destiny hover,
And the thoughts that arise in her dreamy eyes
And curve her lips, I would fain discover.

So near, I can see the stir of the lace
That gently lifts at her heart's soft beating;
So dear, that, only there is no need,
My heart would forever one word be repeating.

Yet her soul knows a pathway that I cannot
tread
To the mountains of thought lying high and
lonely,
And yearn as I may she slips away
To a realm that is closed unto me — me only.

Though we sit in the light of the self-same fire,
While the storm folds us close and the wild
wind is calling,
The light of the summit is on her brow
And I stand alone where the shadows are falling.

If I speak — I know her ways so well —
She will turn with a smile that has caught its
sweetness
From the starry heights where her soul has fed,
And will lean to me in my incompleteness,

With a love that would draw me up to her
side;
Or, failing that, in a glad surrender
Would yield all part in a wealth unshared,
And joy in the self-abnegation tender.

Yet never be mine the hand to weld
The links, howe'er light, for her soul's enslaving;
In loving at least I may reach her height,
Nor blot my best by a selfish craving.

I but clasp her hand in my own and wait
While her soul tries its wings, like a bird upward yearning,
For I know that her heart will restore her to me,
Like the bird to the love of its low nest returning.

LILY A. LONG.

## THE BROOKSIDE

I WANDERED by the brookside,
I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,—
The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree;
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word,—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —
The night came on alone, —
The little stars sat, one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred, —
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder, —
I knew its touch was kind:
It drew me nearer, — nearer, —
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES
(*Lord Houghton*).

## GOOD BYE

SWEETHEART, good bye! That flutt'ring sail
Is spread to waft me far from thee:
And soon before the farth'ring gale,
My ship shall bound upon the sea.
Perchance, all des'late and forlorn,
These eyes shall miss thee many a year:
But unforgotten every charm —
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

Sweetheart, good bye! one last embrace!
Oh, cruel fate, two souls to sever!
Yet in this heart's most sacred place
Thou, thou alone, shalt dwell forever;
And still shall recollection trace,
In fancy's mirror, ever near,
Each smile, each tear, that form that face, —
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

THOMAS MOORE.

## I KNEW BY THE SMOKE THAT SO GRACEFULLY CURLED

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that is humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And, "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

"By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but mine!"

THOMAS MOORE.

## WHAT SHALL I DO FOR MY LOVE

WHAT shall I do for my love,
Who is so tender
And dear and true,
Loving and true and tender,
My strength and my defender —
What shall I do?

I will cleave unto my love,
Who am too lowly
For him to take.
With a self-surrender holy
I will cleave unto him solely,
I will give my being wholly
For his dear sake.

LEWIS MORRIS.

## A LOVE-SYMPHONY

ALONG the garden ways just now
I heard the flowers speak.
The white rose told me of your brow,
The red rose of your cheek;
The lily of your bended head,
The bindweed of your hair;
Each looked his loveliest and said
You were more fair.

I went into the wood anon,
And heard the wild birds sing
How sweet you were; they warbled on,
Piped, trilled the self-same thing.
Thrush, blackbird, linnet without pause,
The burden did repeat;
And still began again because
You were more sweet.

And then I went down to the sea,
  And heard it murmuring too,
Part of an ancient mystery,
  All made of me and you.
How many a thousand years ago
  I loved, and you were sweet —
Longer I could not stay, and so
  I fled back to your feet.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

## SONG

OH! say not woman's heart is bought
With vain and empty pleasure;
Oh! say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never;
Deep in her heart the passion glows,—
She loves and loves forever.

Oh! say not woman's false as fair,
That like the bee she ranges;
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes.
Ah no! the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never;
No second passion e'er can charm,
She loves, and loves forever.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

## A LETTER

TWO things love can do,
Only two;
Can distrust or can believe;
It can die or it can live.
There is no syncope
Possible to love or me.
Go your ways!

Two things you can do,
Only two;
Be the thing you used to be,
Or be nothing more to me,
I can but joy or grieve,
Can no more than die or live.
Go your ways!

So far I wrote, my darling, drearily,
But now my sad pen falls down wearily
From out my trembling hand.

## *A Letter*

I did not, do not, cannot mean it, Dear!
Come life or death, joy, grief, or hope or fear,
I bless you where I stand!

I bless you where I stand excusing you,
No speech nor language for accusing you
My laggard lips can learn.

To you — be what you are, or can, to me —
To you or blessedly or fatefully
My heart must turn!

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

## KING AND SLAVE

IF in my soul, dear,
An omen should dwell,
Bidding me pause, ere
I love thee too well;
If the whole circle
Of noble and wise,
With stern forebodings,
Between us should rise; —

I will tell them, dear,
That Love reigns — A King,
Where storms cannot reach him,
And words cannot sting;
He counts it dishonor
His faith to recall;
He trusts; — and forever,
He gives — and gives all!

I will tell thee, dear,
That Love is — a Slave,
Who dreads thought of freedom,
As life dreads the grave;
And if doubt or peril
Of change there may be,
Such fear would but drive him
Still nearer to thee!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

## A NEW YEAR'S BURDEN

ALONG the grass sweet airs are blown
Our way this day in spring.
Of all the songs that we have known
Now which one shall we sing?
Not that, my love, ah, no! —
Not this, my love? why, so!
Yet both were ours, but hours will come and go.

The grove is all a pale frail mist,
The new year sucks the sun.
Of all the kisses we have kissed
Now which shall be the one?
Not that, my love, ah, no!
Not this, my love? — heigh-ho
For all the sweets that all the winds can blow.

The branches cross above our eyes,
  The skies are in a net;
And what 's the thing beneath the skies
  We two would most forget?
    Not birth, my love, no, no,—
    Not death, my love, no, no,—
The love once ours, but ours long hours ago.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

## A MADRIGAL

SWEETHEART, the year is young,
And 'neath the heavens blue
The fresh wild-flowers have hung
Their cups to catch the dew.
And love like a bird carols one soft word,
Sweetheart, to the sapphire skies;
And floating aloft comes an echo soft
"Sweetheart" — your eyes!

Sweetheart, the year is sweet
With fragrance of the rose
That bends before your feet
As to the gale that blows.
And love like a bird quavers one low word,
Sweetheart, to the garden place;
And across the glow comes an echo low
"Sweetheart" — your face!

Sweetheart, the year grows old,
Upon the meadows brown,
And forests, waving gold,
The stars look, trembling, down.

# *A Madrigal*

And love like a bird whispers one pure word,
  Sweetheart, to the cooling air;
And the breezes sure waft an echo pure
  "Sweetheart" — your hair!

Sweetheart, the year wanes fast;
  The summer birds have flown
From winter's spiteful blast
  Unto a sun-bound zone.
And love like a bird warbles one clear word,
  Sweetheart, to the balmy south;
And back to my ear comes an echo clear
  "Sweetheart" — your mouth!

Sweetheart, the year is gone;
  Lean closer to my heart!
Time only weighs upon
  The loves that dwell apart.
And love like a bird with his whole soul stirred,
  Sweetheart, shall carol his glee;
And to you I 'll cling while the echoes ring
  "Sweetheart" — for me!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

## A MATCH

IF love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

# *A Match*

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We 'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We 'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laughs of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We 'd throw with leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
  And I were king of pain,
We 'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying-feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
  And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
  And I were king of pain.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## O SWALLOW, FLYING SOUTH

O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou, that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with
love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green.

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown ;
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her
mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

## THE HEART'S CALL

HE rides away at early light,
Amid the tingling frost,
And in the mist that sweeps her sight
His form is quickly lost.

He crosses now the silent stream,
Now skirts the forest drear,
Whose thickets cast a silver gleam
From a leafage thin and sear.

Long falls the shadow at his back
(The morning springs before);
His thoughts fly down the shadowed track,
And haunt his cottage-door.

Miles gone, upon a hill-top bare
He draws a sudden rein:
His name, her voice, rings on the air,
Then all is still again!

She sits at home, she speaks no word,
But deeply calls her heart;
And this it is that he has heard,
Though they are miles apart.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

# "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"

QUOTH he: "Sweetheart, thou art
young and fair,
And thy story has just begun;
But I am as old
As a tale that 's told,
And the days of my youth are done."
"O'er ruins olden the clinging moss
Doth a mantle of velvet spread:
Shall the climbing flower
Be more to the tower
Than I to my Love?" she said.

Quoth he: "Sweetheart, thou hast lands and
gold,
And thou knowest not want nor woe;
As a beggar poor
I stand at thy door,
And I only can love thee so."
"Through leafless forests the sunbeams creep,

All the wealth of their gold to shed;
And are they more fair
To the woodland bare
Than I to my Love?" she said.

Quoth he: "Sweetheart, thou art good and kind
And wouldst never the lowest spurn;
But the storm of life
With its toil and strife
Has rendered me harsh and stern."
"The brooklet murmurs its sweetest lays
As it makes for the rocks ahead:
Shall the streamlet's song
Be more brave and strong
Than I for my Love?" she said.

Quoth he: "Sweetheart, thou art blithe and gay,
And thou never hast known a care;
But my face is worn
And my heart is torn
With the sorrow I 've had to bear."
"The stars ne'er spangle the sapphire sky,
Till the brightness of day has fled:
Shall the pale starlight
Be truer to-night
Than I to my Love?" she said.

## *"For Better, for Worse"*

Quoth he: "Sweetheart, who art young and fair,
Will thy wonderful love to me
Through sorrow or shame
Be always the same?"
"Nay, it rather will grow," said she.
Again he cried: "Will it last, Sweetheart,
Till thy lover lies cold and dead,
And thy latest breath
Has been hushed in death?"
"Aye, longer than that," she said.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT-FOWLER.

## LOVE'S SILENCE

DEAREST, this one day our own,
Stolen from the crowd and press,
Let it be sweet silence's,
We two, heart to heart, alone;
Any speech were less.

We are weary, even thus,
Talk might turn to discontent,
Else be practised merriment;
Earth and sky will speak for us
Nearer as we meant.

We two, in the stillness, dear,
Fair dreams come without our quest,
Not to speak of life is best.
Ah, our holiday is here,
Let it all be rest.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

## TO LOVE

WHY should I blush to own I love?
'T is love that rules the realms above.
Why should I blush to say to all
That virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest love's dear secret be betrayed?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove,
'T is painful, though 't is sweet, to love.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## BENEDICITE

GOD'S love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or out among the woodland blooms.

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead, —

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine, —
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day :

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spellword, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be ?

The sighing of a shaken reed, —
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need ?

God's love, — unchanging, pure, and true, —
The Paraclete white-shining through
His peace, — the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou mayst hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## LOVE'S COMING

SHE had looked for his coming as warriors come,
With the clash of arms and the bugle's call;
But he came instead with a stealthy tread
Which she did not hear at all.

She had thought how his armor would blaze in the sun,
As he rode like a Prince to claim his bride;
In the sweet, dim light of the falling night
She found him at her side.

She had dreamed how the gaze of his strange, bold eye
Would wake her heart to a sudden glow;
She found in his face the familiar grace
Of a friend she used to know.

She had dreamed how his coming would stir her soul,
As the ocean is stirred by the wild storm's strife;
He brought her the balm of a heavenly calm,
And a peace which crowned her life.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

## A SONG

I DO not ask — dear love — not I,
A jewelled crown to win,
Nor robe, nor crown — nor do I cry
To those that guard the gates of heaven,
That they should let me in.

Oh, when they talk of far-off strands,
I have no heart to pray,
So lonely seem those heavenly lands,
I feel no wish for angel hands
To wipe my tears away.

I care not for the joyous throng,
My soul could never share
The endless bliss — the happy song;
How long the days, O God, how long,
If I should miss thee there!

Nay, love; I only could be blest
Close by thy side to be,
To hold thy hand — to lean at rest,
Forever on thy faithful breast,
That would be heaven for me.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

## OF SUCH AS I HAVE

LOVE me for what I am, Love. Not for sake
Of some imagined thing which I might be,
Some brightness or some goodness not in me,
Born of your hope, as dawn to eyes that wake
Imagined morns before the morning break.
If I, to please you (whom I fain would please),
Reset myself like new key to old tune,
Chained thought, remodelled action, very soon
My hand would slip from yours, and by degrees
The loving, faulty friend, so close to-day,
Would vanish, and another take her place, —
A stranger with a stranger's scrutinies,
A new regard, an unfamiliar face.
Love me for what I am, then, if you may;
But if you cannot, — love me either way.

SARAH CHANNING WOOLSEY.

## SOMEBODY

SOMEBODY 's courting somebody,
Somewhere or other to-night ;
Somebody 's whispering to somebody,
Somebody 's listening to somebody,
Under this clear moonlight.

Near the bright river's flow,
Running so still and slow,
Talking so soft and low,
She sits with Somebody.

Pacing the ocean's shore,
Edged by the foaming roar,
Words never used before
Sound sweet to Somebody.

Under the maple-tree,
Deep though the shadow be,
Plain enough they can see,
Bright eyes has Somebody.

No one sits up to wait,
Though she is out so late,
All know she 's at the gate,
  Talking with Somebody.

Tiptoe to parlor door;
Two shadows on the floor!
Moonlight, reveal no more, —
  Susy and Somebody.

Two, sitting side by side
Float with the ebbing tide,
" Thus, dearest, may we glide
  Through life," says Somebody.

Somewhere, Somebody
Makes love to Somebody,
  To-night.

ANONYMOUS.

## LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR

A GOOD wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought, with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
"There 's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned;
And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf of cake for tea.
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would not be in haste to wed!"

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," he said, and coming near
He smiled, and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek, — "'t was this, that you were the best
And the dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went back to the field, and the wife,
In a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She 'd not sung for many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and her butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Wood has run off to sea!
He would n't, I know, if he 'd only had
As happy a home as we."

The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself, as she softly said:
"'T is so sweet to labor for those we love —
It is not strange that maids will wed!"

ANONYMOUS.

## THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND

LINGER not long. Home is not home without thee:
In dearest tokens do but make me mourn.
O, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel and hasten thy return!

Linger not long. Though crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee, can the mirth of thy friend, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the fond heart that sighs to have thee here?

Linger not long. How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell;
When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell!

How shall I watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep, when I can watch no longer!
Ah! art thou absent, art thou absent still?

Yet I shall grieve not, though the eye that seeth me
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;
For oh! I sometimes fear when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full.

Haste, haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling,
Haste, as a bird unto its peaceful nest!
Haste, as a skiff, through tempests wide and swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest!

ANONYMOUS.

## THE GOLDEN FISH

LOVE is a little golden fish,
Wondrous shy . . . ah, wondrous shy . . .
You may catch him if you wish;
He might make a dainty dish . . .
But I . . .
Ah, I've other fish to fry!

For when I try to snare this prize,
Earnestly and patiently,
All my skill the rogue defies,
Lurking safe in Aimee's eyes . . .
So, you see,
I am caught and Love goes free!

GEORGE ARNOLD.

## WON'T YOU?

DO you remember when you heard
My lips breathe love's first faltering word?
You do, sweet — don't you?
When, having wandered all the day,
Linked arm in arm I dared to say,
You 'll love me — won't you?

And when you blushed and could not speak,
I fondly kissed your glowing cheek;
Did that affront you?
Oh, surely not; your eye exprest
No wrath, but said, perhaps in jest,
"You 'll love me — won't you?"

I 'm sure my eyes replied, "I will,"
And you believe that promise still;
You do, sweet — don't you?
Yes, yes, when age has made our eyes
Unfit for questions or replies,
You 'll love me — won't you?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

# A MAIDEN'S IDEAL OF A HUSBAND

GENTEEL in personage,
Conduct, and equipage,
Noble by heritage,
Generous and free!
Brave, not romantic;
Learned, not pedantic;
Frolic, not frantic;
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,
Meanness disdaining,
Still entertaining,
Engaging and new.
Neat, but not finical;
Sage, but not cynical;
Never tyrannical,
But ever true.

HENRY CAREY.

## THE FAIR COPY-HOLDER

YON window frames her like a saint
Within some old cathedral rare;
Perhaps she is not quite so quaint,
And yet I think her full as fair!

All day she scans the written lines,
Until the last dull proof is ended,
Calling the various words and signs
By which each error may be mended.

An interceding angel, she,
'Twixt printing-press and author's pen
Perhaps she 'd find some faults in me!
Say, maiden, can you not read men?

Forgive me, gentle girl, but while
You bravely work I 've been reflecting
That somewhere in this world of guile
There 's some one's life needs your correcting.

Methinks 't is time you learned this art,
Which makes the world's wide page read better;
For love needs proving, heart with heart,
As well as type with written letter.

CHARLES H. CRANDALL.

## THE CHESS-BOARD

MY little love, do you remember,
Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I played chess together,
Checkmated by each other's eyes?

Ah! still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight;
Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand;
The double Castles guard the wings;
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.

Our fingers touch; our glances meet,
And falter; falls your golden hair
Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow, her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.

Ah me! the little battle 's done:
Disperst is all its chivalry.
Full many a move since then have we
Mid life's perplexing checkers made,
And many a game with fortune played;
What is it we have won?
This, this at least, — if this alone:

That never, never, nevermore,
As in those old still nights of yore,
(Ere we were grown so sadly wise,)
Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world and wintry weather,
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we played together.

ROBERT BULWER, LORD LYTTON
(*Owen Meredith*).

## WHY?

WHY came the rose? Because the sun, in shining,
Found in the mould some atoms rare and fine;
And, stooping, drew and warmed them into growing, —
Dust, with the spirit's mystic countersign.

What made the perfume? All his wondrous kisses
Fell on the sweet red mouth, till, lost to sight,
The love became too exquisite, and vanished
Into a viewless rapture of the night.

Why did the rose die? Ah, why ask the question?
There is a time to love, a time to give;
She perished gladly, folding close the secret
Wherein is garnered what it is to live.

MARY LOUISE RITTER.

## JIMMY'S WOOING

THE wind came blowing out of the West,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came blowing out of the West;
It stirred the beech tree out of rest,
And rocked the bluebird up in his nest,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The swallows skimmed along the ground,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The swallows skimmed along the ground,
And rustling leaves made a pleasant sound,
Like children babbling all around,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

Milly came with her bucket by,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
Milly came with her bucket by,
With wee light foot so trim and sly,
And sunburnt cheek and laughing eye,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

A rustic Ruth in linsey gown;
And Jimmy mowed the hay;
A rustic Ruth in linsey gown,
He watched the soft cheeks, changing brown,
And the long dark lash that trembled down
Whenever he looked that way.

And Milly's heart was good as gold,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
Oh, Milly's heart was good as gold,
But Jimmy thought her shy and cold,
And more than that he had never told,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The wind came gathering up his bands,
As Jimmy mowed the hay;
The wind came gathering up his bands,
With the cloud and the lightning in his hands
And a shadow darkening all the lands,
As Jimmy mowed the hay.

The rain came pattering down amain,
Where Jimmy mowed the hay;
The rain came pattering down amain,
And under a thatch of the laden wain,
Jimmy and Milly, a cosy twain,
Sat sheltered by the hay.

For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast,
Under the thatch of hay;
For Milly nestled to Jimmy's breast;
A wild bird fluttering home to nest,
And then, I swear, she looked her best
Under the thatch of hay.

And when the sun came laughing out,
Over the ruined hay;
And when the sun came laughing out,
Milly had ceased to pet and pout,
And twittering birds began to shout
As if for a Wedding Day.

WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

## WHAT THE WOLF REALLY SAID TO LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

WONDERING maiden, so puzzled and fair,
Why dost thou murmur and ponder and stare?
"Why are thy eyelids so open and wild?"
Only the better to see with, my child!
Only the better and clearer to view
Cheeks that are rosy, and eyes that are blue.

Dost thou still wonder, and ask why these arms
Fill thy soft bosom with tender alarms?
Swaying so wickedly — are they misplaced,
Clasping or shielding some delicate waist?
Hands whose coarse sinews may fill you with fear
Only the better protect you, my dear!

## *What the Wolf Really Said*

Little Red Riding-Hood, when in the street
Why do I press your small hand when we meet?
Why, when you timidly offered your cheek,
Why did I sigh, and why did n't I speak?
Why, well, you see — if the truth must appear —
I 'm not your grandmother, Riding-Hood, dear!

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

## HOW STRANGE IT WILL BE

HOW strange it will be, love — how
strange, when we two
Shall be what all lovers become ;
You frigid and faithless, I cold and untrue —
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you —
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do —
Love's bright web unravelled, and rent, and
worn through,
And life's loom left empty — ah, hum !
Ah, me,
How strange it will be !

How strange it will be when the witchery goes,
Which makes me seem lovely to-day ;
When your thought of me loses its *couleur de rose* ;
When every day serves some new thought to
disclose ;

## *How Strange It Will Be*

When you find I 've cold eyes, and an every-
day nose,
And wonder you could for a moment suppose
I was out of the commonplace way —
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, love — how strange, when
we meet
With just a chill touch of the hand!
When my pulses no longer delightedly beat
At the thought of your coming, the sound of
your feet —
When I watch not your going, far down the
long street;
When your dear loving voice, now so thrillingly
sweet,
Grows harsh in reproach or command —
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, when we willingly stay
Divided the weary day through!
Or, getting remotely apart as we may,
Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say,

Or coolly converse on the news of the day,
In a wearisome, old-married-folks sort of way!
I shrink from the picture — don't you?
Ah, me,
How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts *do* grow torpid and old,
As many others have done;
If we let our love perish with hunger and cold,
If we dim all life's diamonds, and tarnish its gold,
If we choose to live wretched, and die unconsoled,
'T will be strangest of all things that ever were told
As happening under the sun!
Ah, me,
How strange it *will* be!

FRANK E. HOLLIDAY.

# THE OLD STORY OVER AGAIN

WHEN I was a maid,
Nor of lovers afraid,
My mother cried, "Girl, never listen to men."
Her lectures were long,
But I thought her quite wrong,
And said I, "Mother, whom should I listen to, then?"

Now teaching, in turn,
What I never could learn,
I find, like my mother, my lessons all vain:
Men ever deceive,
Silly maidens believe,
And still 't is the old story over again.

So humbly they woo,
What can poor maidens do
But keep them alive when they swear they must die?
Ah! who can forbear,
As they weep in despair,
Their crocodile tears in compassion to dry?

Yet, wedded at last,
When the honeymoon 's past,
The lovers forsake us, the husbands remain:
Our vanity 's check'd,
And we ne'er can expect
They will tell us the old story over again.

JAMES HENRY.

# THE LITTLE BROWN CABIN

I DREAM of it, tossing about in my skiff,
The little brown cabin just under the cliff;
The wild rose blown in at the window I see,
And Rose at the door, looking out after me;
My sweetheart, my wife,
The Rose of my life!

The sun in the doorway strikes gold from her hair;
The breeze fills the little brown house with salt air,
And she leans to its breath, as if over the sea
It were bringing a kiss and a message from me;
My pretty wild Rose,
The sweetest that grows!

I have not one wish from my darling apart;
The thought of her sweetens my soul and my heart,
And my boat like a bird flies across the blue sea
To the little brown cabin where Rose waits for me,
The Rose of my life,
My own blessed wife!

LUCY LARCOM.

## THE LOVE-KNOT

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in.
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind came blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill,
Madder, merrier, chiller still,
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully, do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he has gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

O Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What terrible danger you 'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin.

NORA PERRY.

## SI, DO, RE

SHE 's only a singin' a tune that he taught 'er,
Is Evelyn Lee, the poor dairyman's daughter.
Who taught 'er? you ask. Why! the singin' schoolmaster,
Who always smiled sweetly whenever he passed her,
And made her heart beat just a wee bit the faster.
They say that she loves him; be that as it may,
Let her sing if she wants to! Sol, fa, me, si, do, re!

The singin' school closed when the evenin's grew shorter,
But still she keeps singin', the dairyman's daughter,
She goes to her task with the first peep o' day,
And whatever her thoughts may be, keeps singin' away —

While changin' the milk into cheese, curd, and whey.
They say that she 's lonesome; be that as it may,
Let her sing if she wants to! Sol, fa, me, si, do, re!

Where 's the master, I wonder? He 's gone, I suppose.
He has n't? What keeps him? Look, look! there he goes!
And sure as I live, there 's the dairyman's daughter,
A saunterin' out for a pail o' fresh water.
She sees him, and runs for the house, but he 's caught her
And kissed her — and she — well, be that as it may,
They 'll be married to-day, so they say.
To-day? You don't say! Sol, fa, me, si, do, re!

MRS. B. C. RUDE.

## MY EYES! HOW I LOVE YOU

MY eyes! how I love you,
You sweet little dove, you!
There's no one above you,
Most beautiful Kitty.

So glossy your hair is,
Like a sylph's or a fairy's;
And your neck, I declare, is
Exquisitely pretty!

Quite Grecian your nose is,
And your cheeks are like roses,
So delicious — O Moses!
Surpassingly sweet!

Not the beauty of tulips,
Nor the taste of mint juleps,
Can compare with your two lips,
Most beautiful Kate!

Not the black eyes of Juno,
Nor Minerva's of blue, no,
Nor Venus's, you know,
  Can equal your own.

O, how my heart prances,
And frolics and dances,
When their radiant glances
  Upon me are thrown!

And now, dearest Kitty,
It 's not very pretty,
Indeed it 's a pity,
  To keep me in sorrow!

So, if you 'll but chime in,
We 'll have done with our rhymin',
Swap Cupid for Hymen,
  And be married to-morrow.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

# WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS

WHEN the black-lettered list to the gods was presented
(The list of what Fate for each mortal intends),
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings — wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he swore was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with — wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends;

But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of — wife, children, and friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's dying embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he dying remembers,
How blessed was his home with — wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far distant latitude sends,
With transport would barter whole ages of glory
For one happy day with — wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan hover,
Though for him all Arabia's fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with — wife, children, and friends.

The dayspring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of — wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends;
O'er me wave the willow, and long may it flourish,
Bedewed with the tears of — wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink, for my song, growing graver and graver,
To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;
Let us drink, pledge me high, love and virtue shall flavor
The glass which I fill to — wife, children, and friends.

WILLIAM R. SPENCER.

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